Boy. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſſe ſum of deuſ-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the baſe vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why ſir is this ſuch a peece of ſtudy? Now heer's three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how eaſie it is to put yeeres to the word three, and ſtudy three yeeres in two words the dancing horſe will tell you.

Brag. A moſt fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will hereupon confeſſe I am in loue: and as it is baſe for a Souldier to loue; ſo am I in loue with a baſe Wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection, would deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner, and ranſome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtſie. I thinke ſcorne to ſigh, me thinks I ſhould out-ſweare *Cupid.* Comfort mee Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. Hercules Maſter.

Brag. Moſt ſweet *Hercules*: more authoritie deere Boy, name more; and ſweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampſon Maſter he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong ioynted *Sampſon*; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampſons* loue my deare *Moth.*

Boy. A Woman, Maſter.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell mee preciſely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the ſea-water Greene ſir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read ſir, and the beſt of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, me thinkes *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Boy.

Boy. It was ſo ſir, for ſhe had a greene wit.

Brag. My loue is moſt immaculate white and

Boy. Moſt immaculate thoughts Maſter, a ſuch colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tong

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, moſt pr tically.

Boy. If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For bluſh in cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white ſhowne:
Then if ſhe feare, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheekes poſſeſſe the ſame,
Which natiue ſhe doth owe:

A dangerous rime maſter againſt the reaſon o

Brag. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King

Boy. The world was very guilty of ſuch a B ages ſince, but I thinke now 'tis not to be foun it would neither ſeruc for the writing, nor the t

Brag. I will haue that ſubiect newly writ or ample my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſid loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Park mall hinde *Coſtard*: ſhe deſerues well.

Boy. To be whip'd: and yet a better loue the

Brag. Sing Boy, my ſpirit growes heauy in l

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a ligh

Brag. I ſay ſing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be paſt.

Enter Clowne, Conſtable, and Wen

Conſt. Sir, the Dukes pleaſure, is that yo ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor hee muſt faſt three dayes a weeke: for this Dam her at the Parke, ſhe is alowd for the Day-woma

Brag. I doe betray my ſelfe with bluſhing: